

Canada's Place in League of Nations is One of Importance

Dr. W. A. Riddell, Canada's Permanent Representative at League of Nations, Addressed University Class Wednesday Afternoon

Students of the Political Science 63 class had the privilege of listening to an informative talk by Dr. W. A. Riddell, Canada's permanent representative in the League of Nations. Speaking on Canada's relations, Dr. Riddell stressed her ever-increasing importance as a participant in the affairs of the league. Canada's growing trade-interests, he said, make her an increasingly important factor to be considered in international negotiations. Since the formation of the league ten years ago, Canada has succeeded admirably in protecting not only her own interests, but in upholding the ideals upon which the league is based.

Dr. Riddell went on to trace briefly the history of the League of Nations

and more particularly the problems which have recently been satisfactorily settled. Europeans cannot understand Canada's attitude towards her long, undefended frontier and towards the treatment of minorities, which attitude is quite in accord with the freer, more broad-minded attitude of the Western world.

In concluding, Dr. Riddell alluded to the many benefits which may be enjoyed by students who find it possible to study in Geneva. Mr. Casels thanked the speaker for his address, and for the remainder of the hour Dr. Riddell answered questions regarding the League.

The students who were fortunate enough to hear Dr. Riddell listened to a man who has a fine working knowledge of the League of Nations as any Canadian. For some years Dr. Riddell has had his office at Geneva and has carried on his duties as Canada's only permanent representative there. In this capacity he has spent 162 days in conference and committee work during the past year. He is a man of forceful personality and pleasing manner, and has the intellectual capacity and business ability which are prerequisite to a man in whom our government has placed so great a trust.

Did You See—?

Our brilliant hockey star, Gordon Buchanan, has succumbed to the prevalent disease of Pembinitis, and it is one of the "fairest," Florence Bark. Don Hawkins bartering for a cup of coffee in the Tuck. Bob Pettit emerging from the Varsity Beauty Parlor Monday afternoon. Now we wonder why? Helen Hollands imbibing coco-cola at the Tuck. Bill Downs "in youthful meditation, fancy free." Eva Scott feasting overtown on Sunday evening after a strenuous week. Billy Proctor watching the little girls play at hockey at the Varsity rink. Alice Garbutt conspicuous by her absence at the last House Dance. Thelma Atkinson proving the fact that gentlemen prefer blondes at the House Dances. Havelock MacLennan wishing that they would replace the benches in the Arts rotunda by chesterfields. Rachael Horner tobogganing down Suicide Sunday afternoon. And of course Bill Meadows was there too. Jack Gerrie taking Matt Halton and Jean Campbell for a ride in his coupe Saturday after the game. Walter Anderson parking his feet at a distant spot in the Tuck. Bill Stewart trying to detect a sweet voice over the telephone on Friday evening. Bill Cutungavitch being waited for. Margaret Morrison trying to catch the measles. Swede Goulay and Walter Hancock last Friday night. Elsie Young wearing a puzzled expression. Mae Massie on a fresh news trail. Hugh Ross studying on the night of a hockey game. Frank Wintemute reading Arabian Nights in the stack room. Kay Burgess bringing a sheik back from Camrose. John Farrell asking for information. Tommy Melling carefully assisting someone on the street car. Anna Wilson and Ian MacDonald discussing sweaters. Del Edmonds writing an essay on love.

PROGRAM FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON

- 1—Glovia from Mass in C Major (Mozart).
- 2—Prelude in C Minor (Reinhold Gliere).
- 3—(a) Nautilus, (b) Meditation (MacDowell).
- 4—Romance (Svensen).
- 5—(a) Isle of Dreams, (b) Northern Lights (Torjussen).
- 6—Berceuse (Cesar Cui).
- 7—Epilogue (Healey Willan).

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT A COURSE IN ESPERANTO SHOULD BE GIVEN IN THE UNIVERSITIES OF CANADA?

S. Sillitoe, Sci. '31: Yes. There is a need for a universal language. It may help the Chinese.

Margaret Cogswell, Arts '31: No. What would be the use of having a universal language taught in this country, if no one else could understand it? Jack Marshall, LL.B., B.A.: Not at the present time; the language question in Canada has been quite critical in the past. It might be better to solve further our present problem as to whether the English language should be predominant, or whether we should continue as a country with a dual language, rather than to introduce a further problem. Our assimilation of foreign languages might become more difficult by the introduction of Esperanto, at least until this language gains a greater hold on countries of large populations.

D. E. Edwards, Arts: No. It is both unnecessary and undesirable. Unnecessary because it has no etymological significance, and because it serves no end in a country which has already adopted a national language, and undesirable because it adds, needlessly, to the already bewildering multiplicity of tongues. Rather let us choose one of the formal languages as a means of international communication.

Helen M. Carswell, Arts '29: Definitely not! Latin, French, German, Spanish and Italian are quite enough for me.

G. Patterson, Sci. '31: Yes, if optional. The only way to determine the practicability of a universal language is to try it.

L. G. Reynolds, Com. '31: No, not until other universities of the world agree to do so. And who would talk it if we did learn it?

Margaret Sellhorn, Arts '30: Of course; how much easier to understand the Australian debaters!

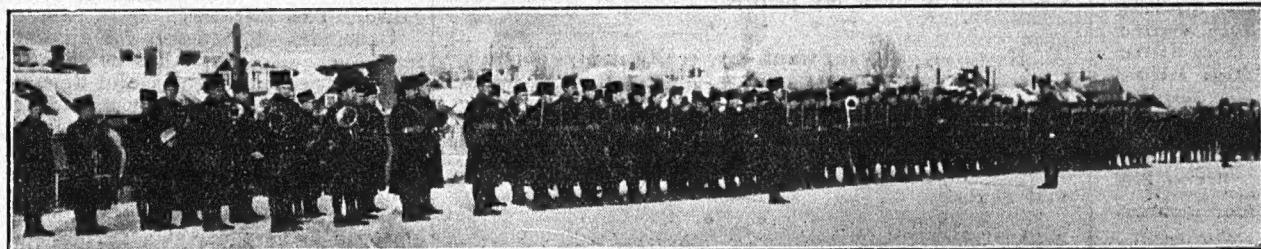
H. N. May, Ag. '32: Personally, I do not think it practicable; it would result in a waste of time and money.

Fred Ougden, Arts '30: No. Although the founder has endeavored to eradicate all taint of linguistic peculiarities, he has nevertheless retained such things as, for example, case indications by ending, and has allowed the Polish plural, or tacking on of a "i" before such endings. This gives the language a flavor which will never be accepted by an Anglo-Saxon complex.

Vada McMahan, Arts '31: What a "hope!" Try this:

Sur neutrala lingua fundamento,
Komprenebla una la alian,
La popolo, faras en consento
Unu grandan rondon familian.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT



The C.O.T.C. which attended the opening of Parliament in the capacity of a ceremonial guard of honour to His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Egbert.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD OR MEN AND WAR MEMORIALS

Like rosemary, they are for remembrance; but, unlike rosemary, they are not always beautiful, though they should be, for the good sense of the race, after a period of indecision, did swing toward the non-utilitarian, purely memory-provoking memorial. Some are commonplace representations of soldiers with full kit, grouped as for a camera-study, many more make use of the symbolism of female angels, representing Sorrow, Victory or Death. Some are chapels in size, reproducing the whole war and every branch of the service in bas-reliefs, while others are simple shafts of stone. If there is one thing the whole business has taught us it is this—when the physical is being used to express the spiritual it had better be as simple as possible, and leave the rest to the beholder's spirit to imagine.

As to inscriptions the weirdest was probably that (proposed if not actually written) on the great Artillery Memorial in London, England, "Saul has slain his thousands; but David his tens of thousands"; a trite enough observation re the increase in gun power during the late war, but hardly worthy to commemorate the men who worked the guns.

The finest inscription I heard of, the noble passage from Isaiah, ending " . . . neither shall they learn war any more," goes to the credit of an obscure Ontario village, but alas! due to the Legion, it never got further than being proposed.

Many speak of "our glorious dead," and anyone who dies for another deserves no less distinction, but am I supersensitive if I cannot keep from feeling the implication is "our glorious war?"

Others that go further and say "Blessed are they that die in the Lord" are to me uttering nothing less than blasphemy. It was not "the Lord's business."

In the presence of so many question-begging inscriptions—inscriptions that make of the last war—a Holy War—how we laugh at the Holy Wars of the Mahdi, and in default of any forward-leading inscriptions, public opinion not being ready for the same, we have to fall back on the non-committal kind as the least conducive to a false sense of national righteousness in the past and a ready trustfulness to follow the Piper again. Such an one is the following from Lake Erie—a sword projecting only slightly from a rough rock, underneath the caption:

"The Strife is o'er
The duty done
Deep buried lies the sword."

The danger in the word "duty"—the hope of the future is in ever more deeply burying the sword. As it stands, it is solely deterministic. The job may have to be done again. This, I take it, represents the main

EWART BERESFORD MEMORIAL PRIZE

Will Be Donated to Graduating Student in Chemistry Having Highest Standing

Graduating students in Chemistry will be interested to hear of the Chemistry which will be offered for Ewart Beresford Memorial Prize in competition for the first time in the 1929 spring examinations. This prize is being given by Mr. T. F. Beresford in memory of his son, Ewart Beresford, who was an Honours Chemistry student at this University. The prize is of the value of \$25 to be awarded in the form of books and is to be given to the graduating student in the Faculty of Arts and Sciences who takes the highest average mark in Biochemistry 61 and in three senior courses in Chemistry, and whose standing is satisfactory to the Faculty Council.

JONETICKS

(To the Poet Laureate.)
When "Asia" is "Az-yuh,"
And T-U-E spells "chew,"
When "oney" stands for "only,"
And "tuh" takes place of "too,"
When "maybe" turns to "mebbe"
With "was" transformed to "wuz,"
"Tomorrow" is "tumarruh,"
And "because" is now "becuz,"
When "delegate" is "dellygit,"
And "dew" is turned to "doo,"
I think that this is really
Awful scandalous, donchew? —O. E.

Prayer
Of sins in me you find,
Among the vast and varied array
Lord, make it a point to first forgive
The pronunciation kind! —O. E.

PEMBINA—LOCKED

No longer, sad to say, can the beauty lovers of the University visit Pembina after midnight—for the simple reason that the Temple of Beauty will be locked at the hour of twelve! The fiat has gone forth, and no longer will the fair be able to waste their sweetness on the cool night air. Senior girls, about to enter on their life work, junior girls striving hard to catch the essence of life's beauty, sophomore girls who are just at the stage where they are too blasé to go out at all, let alone only till 12 p.m., and freshmen who left home after a 3 a.m. dance—their nocturnal wanderings are all circumscribed. Twelve o'clock has become at last the end of the day!

To date, the girls have not walked out in a body.

STOCK MARKET IS SUBJECT OF TALK

Mr. R. Taperell Speaks at Commerce Club Luncheon—Large Number Present

The Commerce Club held its first luncheon of the New Year at St. Joseph's College yesterday. As usual there was a good attendance, so much so in fact that some of the bashful Commerce boys were forced to sit next to the demure Commerce girls. The guest of honor was Mr. Taperell, manager of the stocks and bonds department of J. Richardson and Son's Edmonton Branch. Soup and beef-steak were consumed in the most approved commercial fashion. After full justice had been done to the viands, President Lee Cameron introduced the speaker of the day. Mr. Taperell spoke in a very interesting and forceful manner of operations on the modern stock exchange, using the New York exchange as his example.

After warning the expectant Commerce students not to expect any advice on "getting rich quick," he gave a typical transaction in stocks, stressing the speed with which these transactions are carried out. Passing on to the financing of these purchases, he dealt with the system of margins and of call loans. "The function of a stock exchange," said Mr. Taperell, "is to provide a market for securities, and to keep investors in touch with this market." In conclusion he pointed out that the greatly increased volume of trading in modern times is due to improved means of communication, among which the radio stands first. Due to its influence the public now takes a much more intelligent interest in stocks. His address was followed by a very interesting discussion, the members present literally flooding him with questions. Sec-Treas. Earl Dutton thanked the speaker on behalf of the club.

Make no mistake about it—it is not over-population, lack of markets, or too much Kultur, that makes wars—it is just national pride with the accoutrements which are its expression. Modern nations armed to the hilt are just as much an anachronism as Deadwood Dick would be riding up Yonge St. and shooting the bulbs out of the electric signs at the King Street intersection. He would be "asking for it" and he would probably "get it."

We need to take the Lord's Prayer in a national sense. "Forgive us our sins" of national pride; and if this can be the content of the two minutes' silence—what has been the finest war memorial of the late war (it's dead and gone, you see) may yet turn out to be the strongest influence, making the late war not merely the latest, but the last. It all depends upon whether we read into the two minutes' silence glorification or confession. Pray, God! it may be confession. For the sake of all future humanity may it be so.

—F. HILLIARD.

Philosoph Hears Address From Dean Kerr on "Louis Fréchette"

Literary Dean Delivers Attractive Address on Famous French-Canadian Poet—Louis Fréchette Was Beautiful Lyric Poet, Full of Emotional Fire

"Louis Fréchette" was the subject of a very interesting address given at a members' meeting of the Philosophical Society last night by Dean Kerr, an address full of fine feeling and accurate portrayal, and bringing home vividly to the audience the essence of the spirit and tone of that versatile French-Canadian poet, Louis Fréchette.

Dean Kerr dealt for a few minutes with Canadian literature in general, saying that although it had produced no prose writers, dramatists or poets as yet to compare with the great artists of the Old World, it had yet expressed the spirit of Canada, and could not be brushed aside by the contemptuous wave of a critical hand. He went further, and said that posterity would remember Canada not by her enormous material success, but by the still living works and intangible finesse of such writers as Charles G. D. Roberts, Marjorie Pickthall and Louis Fréchette.

The speaker dealt most interestingly and wittily with the life of his subject, showing how it colored his works. Louis Fréchette was a strange compound of two personalities, one violent, moody, radical, tempestuous, the other gentle, dreamy and introspective. He studied law, and later entered journalism in Quebec, but finding his native country unappreciative of his high temper and radical views, he went to Chicago—a different Chicago from that of today—and practised journalism. Dean Kerr told interestingly the story of the incident when, during the Franco-Prussian war, Louis Fréchette and a com-

patriot put to flight a group of a dozen or so Germans, who were jeering at the disastrous defeats of France.

Returning to Canada, to his own "milieu," Louis Fréchette made himself famous overnight by the publication of his first volume of prose, which won him recognition by the French Academy. Thereafter he devoted himself to literature.

As a prose writer Louis Fréchette was never great, except for two of his works, "Originaux et Déraqués," which is full of delightful sketches about peculiar characters of his native town, and "Noël au Canada," which contains a number of charmingly told Christmas stories.

As a dramatist, Fréchette, though full of originality, action, and fine emotional portrayal, is yet lacking in technique, uses stock characters, lacks the spirit of the times, and, in his greatest play, "Veronica," he chooses a horrible plot.

As a lyrical poet, Fréchette is at his greatest. He is full of sympathy and fine emotion, and has remarkable powers of warm expression. His lyrics are poignantly beautiful; they are generally of nature, and contain often a melancholy reflection on life. Many of them are devoted to his friends. It is typical of him that he spent years raising money for a memorial to a poet-friend.

Dean Kerr closed a most attractive address with reading a few of his own translations of his subject, which caught beautifully the spirit of his author.

C.O.T.C. HONOURS COLONEL MEWBURN

Full Military Honours at Funeral—Members of R.C.M.P. in Attendance

As a fitting token of the esteem in which the late Col. Mewburn was held in C.O.T.C. circles, a special corps, under the command of Colonel Dunn, was present at his funeral last Friday. It was a tribute to one who himself had been a soldier and was deeply interested in all military work. Full military honours were accorded to Col. Mewburn at his funeral. The casket was borne from Christ Church on a gun-carriage, outriders being chosen from among the members of the R.C.M.P. The pall-bearers were also from the same group.

After the service by the graveside the Last Post was sounded over the remains. Then a special squad of the C.O.T.C. fired the farewell volley over the coffin of the dead leader.

The End of the Week

The Pembinites staggered to the lower gym, hats on, gloves on, even scarves and coats. Why? Well, the men refused to run the risks awaiting them if they entered Pembina (later on) to await the fair ones, yes, the fairest ones, who might need to dress for the dash to Tuck. And if they didn't enter—it was not a warm night for a wait.

The less provident Pembinites depended upon equipment sacrificed by the heroic escorts whose estimate of themselves went up correspondingly as they suffered for the sake of—no—the lack of gloves or caps or scarves. The subtle methods of the latter girls are impressive.

The orchestra, not expecting the jammed traffic in the narrow corridor, trustingly left some of its equipment on the rest of the stuff that had been left there for safe-keeping. The strongest member rescued the remains. He was glad of his spinach then.

The floor struck terror to the hearts of the jovial spirits—at least to the hearts of those who contained the spirits. They had expected the good old reliable floor. This looked like skating and felt like clouds.

The less courageous ones immediately retired to the safety of the gallery. There was at least half a gallery, and all were members of the stronger (!) sex.

Maybe now they'll understand the reason why so many girls feared to negotiate the slippery stretch between Pembina and Athabasca in high-heeled slippers, without an escort, and didn't appear at the dance.

The man who made as if to manufacture moonlight deserves no thanks. After the introduction to real moonlight, his was appallingly inefficient and scarcely kind.

The Sports Editor drifted in for what there might be of news for his page, but retired when all the rest of The Gateway staff registered anguish at the "steal."

Many touching reconciliations are said to have taken place under the influence. The reconciliations should last long after the influence has been slept off.

Did anybody not notice the number of men who were suitably decorated for bravery in appearing during the previous week with hats and ears?

The orchestra—was kind and good. One dance was omitted in order to permit longer "tags."

WAUNEITAS DEBATE SORORITY QUESTION

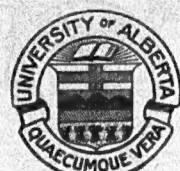
Decide Varsity is Too Young Yet to Consider Taking This Step

Thursday afternoon at the Wauneita meeting the girls put on a rather novel debate. The subject of the debate was "Resolved that Sororities should be established in the University of Alberta." After the business was concluded and the girls had partaken of tea and biscuits, the argument began.

The debaters for the affirmative were Miss Etta Rogers and Miss Mary Ross. The negative side consisted of Miss Helen Saunders and Miss Margaret Kinney.

The debate waxed hot and furious. Miss Rogers gave us a very romantic picture of sorority life, but Miss Saunders maintained we were really too young to decide. Miss Ross gave a touching little reading about the "Rushing Season" in California. Miss Kinney didn't think that we could really afford a sorority yet. Miss Rogers in her rebuttal reminded us that it is better to be wedded to something than nothing at all.

After the four speakers had said much on both sides, the girls were asked to decide the question, and a vote was taken whether we really should have sororities now. It was decided that Alberta was too young yet to consider taking this step.



THE GATEWAY

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Editor-in-Chief M. H. Halton
Associate Editor K. Conibear
Managing Editor Kathleen Campbell
News Editor Lawrence Alexander
Sports Editor Hugh Morrison
Women's Editor Leyda Sestrap
Exchange Editor Mona Macleod
Casserole Editor Noel Iles

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager V. I. MacLaren
Circulation Manager Harvey Fish

FREEDOM—AND OTHER THINGS

"I do not agree with a word that you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it," said "le brave Voltaire," two hundred years ago, in an impassioned declamation against the intolerance which was rivetting the fetters of stagnancy upon his beloved France. Stirring is the statement; it is a clarion call to lovers of that elusive thing called Liberty—the liberty of thought by which men redress the evils of the world. And who will say that there are no evils in the world to be redressed? We are prone to think that we are beyond the age of repression, that equal-minded justice is handed out to all men, that whatever evils are still rampant in our civilization, intolerance, repression and injustice are not among them. Oh! If we could only realize what possibilities there are for man, what potential moral grandeur there is possible, in the world, we would quickly realize that in comparison to that possible state, the large majority of mankind is drinking only the dregs of real life!

But to come to the point. (There is so little space in this editorial column for our thoughts on such subjects as these!) There may be occasions when one has not the right to say what he thinks. Whether or not the following is one of them, we will leave to the reader to judge:

The Board of Governors of the University of Toronto last week came to difficulties with the Students' Council owing to the fact that the latter body refused to ask for the resignation of the Editor of "The Varsity," for writing an editorial in which he took exception to a local divine's contention that "petting" was "an unnatural and harmful development" of the modern generation. To take exception to such a general statement is obviously no very heinous crime; but on reading the editorial in question, we find such statements as one to the effect that those who condemn "petting" are those who have had no opportunity to practise it themselves, and one or two other sentences well-calculated to arouse a storm of ire in the breast of the enemy of "petting." And apparently the University authorities felt bound to assuage the good man's feelings by discharging the editor of the piece in question. (The editor was supported in his position, and "let off" with an admonition to better behaviour in future.)

Well—(we said we would leave it to the opinion of our readers, but)—petting may be harmful, and the student-editor should probably not have dared to defend his honest, open-and-above-board, free-thinking fellow youths from the charges of one who, in all likelihood, really didn't know anything about the subject in question, but nevertheless, we would have found it hard to repress the temptation to defend our modern practices. And if we had, we would certainly have said that it is very, very likely that the relations of young men and young women today are on a far more wholesome plane than they were yesterday. For example, the practise of the New England Puritans, which they tolerated and avowed under the name of "bundling" was, the careful reader will find, quite appreciably worse than our popular chesterfield rugby. And there are many other possible examples.

(What were we going to say? Something about the repression and injustice and savage inconsistencies still left for high-soaring youth to attack; but we will have to postpone it till next week. But we must hurry; only six or seven more issues of The Gateway to express our thoughts; and afterwards it is very improbable that we will be able to find a medium for such thoughts. Which brings us to say, to announce from the house-tops: "Glory and honor forever to the University of Alberta, where, almost alone on earth, thought is really free!")

AD ASTRA PER ARDUA

"You think en masse; you are slaves of convention; you are losing the genius of individuality." Such was the judgment passed by a lecturer in these halls the other day against the Anglo-Saxons of the present. Was he right? We think he was.

On the first score there is absolutely no doubt that too much we have our thinking done for us, and handed out to us cut and dried—in other ways beside the common one of accepting the teachings of others with no investigation into their relative validities. We are rushed so pell-mell along the well-worn grooves of life that few of us stop to think, to regard the life around us, to endeavor to discern the true values of things. "Little we see in nature that is ours; we have given our hearts away—a sordid boon"; given them away in the mad rush of the herd.

And indeed we are slaves of convention. Of course, there are the necessary social and moral amenities, but beyond those, why cannot we be ourselves, accepting those teachings of the centuries which contribute to our mental lives, and rejecting the artificial, the dross which the accumulation of inanity has forced upon us. This subjection to convention is just another failure to see the true relative values of life; further, so many of our common conventions are—as has been charged—hypocrisies. What is the matter with our world that we cannot educate ourselves beyond the need of moral convention, so that we could take advantage of the offerings of nature without abusing them until the need arose for proscription, for convention, for social disapprobation.

And it is because of the truth of these first two charges that the third is true. We are losing the



There seems to be an ever-increasing demand for Romeo's picture. So am I tempted to have it placed at the head of this column (either to provide additional amusement or to win me a Juliet), but . . . durned if I don't think I'll get Cormack the Campus Cartoonist to draw my picture!

However, if you want my really truly portrait, my dears, you MUST buy yourselves an "Evergreen and Gold," in which you will behold your Romeo's likeness. (My, he's cute!) But unless you place your order now—whoa! Line up on the left, ladies and gents!

And now to business once again.

"Genius," say some, "is the capacity for taking infinite pains." A definition far more applicable to Romeo's case is: "Genius is the capacity for taking infinitesimal pay." And Romeo's genius has reached the zenith. No pay at all, no pay at all. . . .

English newspaper headline:

"Briton Honored by King of Siam Presented With Order of the White Elephant."

A too-large helping of pudding is the cause of enough white elephants for most Britons—and they don't have to go to Siam to get 'em, either.

Speaking of elephants, we came across an old flame of Horace the cockroach at the Tuck. Estelle, her name is—"Frenchy" for short. Yeh. We called her that because only a French girl could have such a line. She told us she'd just come from the flour barrel, but we knew she'd bin in the coal bin—such a black look she gave us as—sc-r-unch!

You all know the guy we love so much—I swear we'll have to crown him yet—Who after every act, or scene, or such, Goes out to smoke a cigarette.

Decker: "Work is my meat."
Anderson: "Well, I'm a vegetarian."

Now the Fokker plane is bringing the winter catch in from the north, Alberta trappers will surely see the fur fly.

Romeo tried to give advice to Conibear last week, but Cass was so filled up that this advice was omitted. Here it is: A harelip is a misfortune, but a mustache is a man's own fault.

Now comes the Undergrad.

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a co-ed to her male,
"There's a Freshman right behind us, he's been camping on our trail."
"See how eagerly the studes and their gurlies all advance!"
"They've been waiting in the lounge—won't you come and join the dance?"
"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?"
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be, And the suppers sure are snappy—there is something more than tea!"
But her male replied: "Too much, too much!" and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the co-ed kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance,
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not pay five bucks to prance.

—And anyway, like a lot of others, he hadn't applied soon enough for a ticket.

"Onions for sale." Mask the man who downs one.

'31: "What's the difference between a co-ed and a downtown girl?"
'29: "A downtown girl generally leaves a fellow enough money for car-fare home."

Cannibal King (with chattering teeth): "What did you serve at the last meal? I've had a prolonged chill ever since."
Royal Cook: "That, sire, was a female missionary from Boston."

Some girls can't even wear a smile without looking into a mirror to see if it fits.

Bainbridge: "You and Butler are pretty thick, aren't you?"
Dutton: "You bet!"
Bainbridge: "That's all right. Everybody can't be bright."

genius of individuality; and with that loss goes all the hope of mankind. Because man is yet so far from the intellectual millenium that without individuals, without men of independent mind who will break free from the cramping and stultifying ties of tradition and custom, that millenium will never be reached. Let us reach forward for new aspects and phases of the mental life, tramping repressive tradition under our star-seeking feet; let us not allow science to be the only field of learning which progresses—although there can be little doubt that it will be science which will eventually pave the way to Heaven (pardon us! we mean the heaven of ultimate knowledge!); let us free our minds from its trammels, and essay our grand way "to the stars through bolts and bars."

AN ODISSEY COMPARISON

Perhaps the most striking departure from our own customs that we noticed in the description appearing



"If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind."—John Stuart Mill.

Edmonton, Alta.,
Feb. 2, 1929.

Editor, The Gateway.
Dear Sir,—My reason for answering your quite gratuitous condemnation of "creeds, dogmas and denominations," was that being an adherent of Christianity—and a "denominationalist"—I could not, it seemed to me, allow your "slam" to go unchallenged, and not from any desire to engage in religious controversy. Since also, the reason for this further favour is not to constitute myself a self-appointed champion of the "creeds, dogmas and denominations" you condemn—which need not my defence any more than they need fear your attack—but to remind you that you have entirely missed the point—or dodged the issue—and to repeat that if there is a conflict as you assert—and I deny—the conflict is with religion—belief in God—and not with denominationalism.

Incidentally, permit me to also remind you that at least three of the four whom you named—Leonardo da Vinci, Galileo, and Roger Bacon—came under your wholesale condemnation, in that they were and always remained practical and devout Christians.

JACK CORMACK.

(Thus summarily am I dismissed, with a wave of the hand and a grandiloquent poof! poof! Alas! alas!—"and still it moves!"—Editor's note.)

Feb. 2, 1928.

Editor, The Gateway.
Dear Sir,—It was with a keen interest that I read your editorial in last week's issue under the heading of our much misinterpreted motto, "Quaecumque Vera."

The predominant note of this article is egotism. The writer and those who support his views are "basking in the beautiful sunshine which emanates from knowledge." Those who oppose his views are "harrying their souls in the deadening dusk of outworn creeds." For a writer to assume such a lofty superiority towards those who think contrary to him is, to say the least, dangerous. Since the training given to Arts students in this University is more or less standard, why should the thoughts of some be relegated to the scrap heap while others are elevated to the sublime heights of wisdom? The conclusion to be drawn is obvious. Why, of course, some in their studies have been able to separate the chaff from the grain, while others haven't had the mental equipment to do so.

Our Editor hopes that Christianity is not the strongest force in the civilized world today. If it is he regrets it. He thinks that the human race has developed from something lower than a monkey. He is perfectly free to think, hope or regret as he pleases. That is his privilege. However, where one man's rights end another's begin. Consequently I would suggest that a little more thought on the question which he treats in his editorial would incline him to tread still more reverently in his search for truth. Possibly subscribers to outworn creeds are searching for this same truth.

Since I, as a reader of The Gateway, have been appointed by the editor as a judge of his intellect, I feel I should give a decision. Yet I desist from so doing for the reason that his editorials as a rule do not suggest an "infantile intellect." Nevertheless, his condescending attitude in this particular one certainly leaves him open to the charge.

ALFRED McLEAN.

(What a sticky subject we have been drawn into! But—as a "last word"—you did not go far enough, Mr. McLean, in speaking of my "condescending attitude" on this subject. Rather let me say that I cannot even condescend to the levels you are defending.—Editor.)

ARE THEY GETTING WISE?

Editor, The Gateway.
Dear Sir,—Although I am not one of those who regularly plague your correspondence columns, a most distressing scene last night at the Tuck Shop impels me to write. There were about thirty persons present at the time (about 10:30) and most of them seemed to be having a gay and pleasant time. But the terrible part of it was this. Of all the thirty people there, I was the only girl. And what's

(Continued on page six)

last week of life at the Leland Stanford university concerned the clothing worn by the students. It is sufficient to imagine the furore that would be created by any coatless individual appearing in corduroys at lectures here; it is impossible to describe it and impossible to explain it.

The blame, if the fact is blameworthy, must, we suppose, attach itself to the female members of our society. However great a variety they may delight to observe in their own apparel they are of the opinion that as far as is possible two men must be as like—and, as they would be in the same position, as uncomfortable—as two peas. It is true that some of the more audacious men brave the scorn of sparkling eyes and appear on the campus in khaki shirts; but the majority, rather than lose the regard of the inhabitants of Pembina, follow the conventions and restrict their expenditure on clothes to the purchase of the stylish. A rising attempted several years ago against the feminine control of masculine fashions was, the records tell us, put down with a heavy hand. The organization of the Waunetas was never better shown than when it became necessary to quell the desire of the men students to appear before them with-



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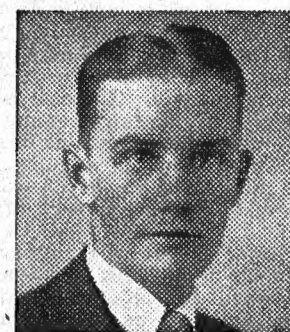
THE SENIOR CLASS

Announce

Les Crane and His Canadiens

The Midwinter

Will be open to all University students and their friends.
Seniors who have paid their fees to have the preference.



J. I. HAMMOND

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out collars or ties. Since that episode, so disastrous to the males and so gratifying to the females, man in these halls has admitted woman's right of censorship over his raiment.

The men here might say in extenuation that it is a simpler matter to escape the tyranny of the co-eds at Leland Stanford University where the males so greatly outnumber the females. But the argument is invalid; indeed its weight is upon the other side. The fewer the women the greater their power over the men.

While we do not say that the existing state of affairs is an unmixed evil, it certainly appears to have evil qualities. Few of us would like to see the men reverting to the rags and tatters of our high school period, or assuming the frills and feathers of the women; but either would be more conducive to health and comfort than the serge and wool they wear nowadays. A nearer equality of weight between the garments of the two sexes would moreover assist to make less bitter and less frequent those arguments concerning the amount of fresh air needed in the rooms, which make our lectures look like debating society meetings or fields of battle.

The Sow's Ear

A Column for the Crapulent

(Concise Oxford Dictionary, p. 193)
We have with us this week a poem on a more or less controversial subject by Mr. Smith, the eminent scientist. Mr. Smith is one of the New York Smiths, a well-known family who are represented in Who's Who and in the telephone book. We are deeply indebted to Mr. Smith for his research, and to Mr. J. C. M. Marshall for bringing this gem to light.

Always Each Others

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time.
And side by side on the ebbing tide,
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived, and mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in a rift of the Caradoc drift,
We slumbered side by side.

The world turned on in the lathe of time,
The hot sands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
And crept into life again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed,
And drab as a dead man's hand;
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
Or trailed through the mud and sand.

Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet,
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark,
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more;
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mould
Of a Neocomian shore.

And the sleep that wrapped us fast,
Was riven away in a newer day,
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balm of the friend-ed palms,
In the hush of the moonless nights.

And oh! what beautiful years were these,
When our hearts clung each to each;
When life was filled, and our senses thrilled
In the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life, and love by love,
We passed through the circle strange,
And breath by breath, and death by death,
We follow the chain of change.

Till there came a time in the law of life
When over the nursing sod,
The shadows broke, and the soul awoke,
In the strange dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Auroch bull,
And tusked like a great Cave Bear;
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair.

Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When the night fell o'er the plain,
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,
And shaped it with brutish craft,
I broke a shank from the woodland dank,
And fitted, it head and haft.

Then I hid me close by the reedy tarn,
Where the Mammoth came to drink;
Through brawn and bone I drove the stone,
And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,
Loud answered our kith and kin;
From west and east to the crimson feast,
The clan came trooping in.

O'er joint and gristle, and padded hoof,
We fought, and clawed and tore,
And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,
We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone,
With rude and hairy hand,
I pictured this fall on the cavern wall
That men might understand.

For we lived by blood, and the right of might,
Ere human laws were drawn,
And happy we lived, and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more;

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I was thewed like an Auroch bull,
And tusked like a great Cave Bear;
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair.

And the Age of Sin did not begin
Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,
In a time when we didn't think;
Yet here to-night, in the mellow light,
We sit in the covered rink,

Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,
Your hair is as dark as jet,
Your years are few, your life is new,
Your soul untried, and yet,

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,
And the scarp of the Burbeck flags,
We have left our bones on the Bag-shot stones,
And deep in the Coraline crags;

Our love is old, our life is old,
And death shall come amain;
Should it come today what man may say,
We shall not meet again.

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds,
And furnished them wings to fly;
He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn,
And I know that it shall not die,

Though cities have sprung upon the graves
Where the crook-boned men made war,
And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried caves,
Where the mummied mammoths are.

Then as we linger at Varsity here,
Through many a parent's wish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a Tadpole and I was a Fish.

Adapted from "Evolution," by Langdon Smith, of the New York Smiths. Found for "Sow" by J. C. M. Marshall.

Yours,
AREOPERIMETER.

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Aut Doce, Aut Disce, Aut Discede

By K.

Having displayed great talent and employed much effort in features, letters, and editorials on the profitable discussion of the inferiority of women in general and co-eds in particular, and the unprofitable defence of the weaknesses of the sex, the writers of this paper have turned from the somewhat narrow-minded task of anathematizing one-half of us to the far more broad-minded and decidedly more pleasant work of indiscriminately slamming all of us.

It is now in the mode to inquire: "What is wrong with the University?" Despite the recent foreign influx which Canada has suffered, it appears that we in this institution still remain English to the extent that on any occasion we can raise our voices to cry: "Is the University done?" It being rumored that one gentleman made a modest fortune by airing his views on the subject, we have felt that it is no less than our duty, despite our modesty, to present so able a discussion of the present evils that the problem may be solved thereby, and the disappearance of the lesser lights behind their besmudged notebooks may be effected.

The Heart of the Problem
There is opportunity for great wit in philippizing against Pembinites, manners, education, and "stings," for superb arrogance against the kindergarten, and for mercantile bitterness against the crammers. But none of these topics reach the heart of the problem: the basis of the evils of the body of this institution is the fact that we are, largely speaking, not here for the purpose of education. Our attitude towards the University is wrong. That some of us

might develop the correct attitude after reaching the age of seventeen and while waiting to attain the further eminence of nineteen is not entirely restricted to the region of fairy-tales; but your boy of ten who has acquired sufficient knowledge and has that attitude would look far more like a university student than many a lout of twenty-two who is to be seen around these halls.

Be a Student

The attitude of which we speak is one which would demand that the person in possession of it would be a student. That is all. If we were all students there would be no difficulty finding what we wanted here; citizens of this respectable town would have no reason to think that we had just managed to cut the Gordian knot holding us to our mothers' apron-strings and that, throwing our milk-bottle aside, we were rejoicing in a new-found opportunity to gratify our wildest impulses. If we had this attitude we would soon learn to talk intelligently—or to get out and resign ourselves to digging ditches for a living. If asked a question, an intelligent answer of which would demand an intelligent consideration of fundamental moral principles, we would not consider it the most worthy illustration of our intellect to make irrelevant statements about soup, the Rose-Room, tin, night-caps, and bow-legs, or to throw out cryptic hints about a teacher's salary; nor, granted that the attitude of those around us was such as to encourage our own correct attitude, would we in the last year of our course, beg the question in answering in. Let us then procure for the large body of people here an attitude that will make them appreciate that this institution, consecrated to the furtherance of wisdom, is a place in which they must learn to learn; and, as the Arabs, our troubles will fold their tents and steal away.

The Method

But how, you ask, is this to be accomplished. Surely nothing is more simple: If thy right hand offend thee cut it off and cast it from thee. No

and I think it was so lovely of you to want to send Mrs. Steen."

The Snob!

Mrs. Mendip-Follinton drew herself to her full height and elevated her nose to a most disdainful angle, and said, "Do you, Mrs. Barker?" and sailed out the door, followed by Mrs. Simpkins, looking for all the world like a clucking hen whose feathers had been ruffled.

Mrs. Jerry had seen and heard all this, and now she remarked, "Well, you did put your foot in it." "Oh, that's nothing unusual for me," I said. "John is always saying that I'm putting my foot in it, but I always manage to get it out again." Must you really go so soon, Mrs. Friggins? Oh, I'm so sorry; I've enjoyed having you so much. You must come again soon.

A Fantasy on Physics 1

By N. M. Hay

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the classroom portals passed
A youth, who left behind his mate,
Chanting, his eyes aglow with hate,
"Physics 1."

His brow was hot, his eyes were fogged,
Yet at it still he vainly slogged,
And like a chant in Latin sung,
He mumbled words that tied his tongue,
"Physics 1."

"Oh, come with me," the Freshette said,
"Do that tomorrow night instead,
'Tis dance night at the 'S.A.D.'"
But still he answered brokenly,
"Physics 1."

A Soph looked in with merry laugh.
"Beware that second PV graph!"
A tear came to his dimming eye
And still he answered with a sigh,
"Physics 1."

At half-past nine the following morn
The youth was found with look forlorn,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
The paper with the strange device.
"Physics 1."

matter how brilliant an orator he may be, no matter how many trophies he can win on the gridiron, the cinders, or the rink, no matter how many intricate varieties he knows of the latest steps, if he is not here to study get rid of him. Before our motto, "Quaecumque Vera" can ever be realized, we must subscribe to the sterner one, "Aut doce, aut disce, aut discede."

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SPORTS



SENIOR HOOPERS WIN AND LOSE

**Saturday Night's Score 37-35—
Tuesday 31-13—Intermediates Win**

By losing to the Y.M.C.A. Seniors 31-13 on Tuesday night at the Varsity gym, the senior basketball team failed to clinch the Alberta Senior championship. They have won three games to the Y's one, and have only to win one more in the four out of seven series to be entitled to meet the B.C. champions.

Game Ragged and Rough
The game was rather ragged and became rough towards the end. Varsity did not play as well as they have been playing, while the Y were much better. Play was even at first, but the Y soon began running up points. They had thirteen when Greenlees started the scoring for Varsity by making a free throw. Martell then scored for the Y on a pretty combination play, and the period ended 17-3, after Donaldson had made two free throws on a personal foul. The Y were playing pretty combination, and their shooting was good, while Varsity did not work in on the basket very well. The game became very rough after half-time, Pullishy being the worst offender. Towards the end he was put off for the rest of the game, after trying to kick Carscallen. Although Varsity's shooting was better in the second half, the Y continued to pile up points, Cathers being the principal scorer. They made 14 to Varsity's 10 in this period.

The lineups:
Varsity—Brynildsen (3), McBeth, guards; Shandro (6), centre; Greenlees, Donaldson (4), Carscallen, McCallum, Miller, forwards.
Y.M.C.A.—Turnbull (3), Richards (1), Kyle, guards; Cathers (10), centre; Doherty, Pullishy (4), Martell (13), Glover, forwards.

Intermediate Game
The senior game was followed by an exciting contest between the Varsity Intermediates and the Edmonton Normal team. This is the first time they have met, and the Intermediates redeemed the seniors' defeat by winning 37-23.

Varsity Took Lead
Varsity started off with a bang, and were ahead 14-2 when Normal called for time out. The period ended 17-7 for Varsity. After Coffin and Cairns increased Varsity's lead

by each making a basket at the opening of the second half, Normal came to life, and Letts made four beautiful baskets in quick succession. Varsity was able to hold the lead, however, three classy shots by Gowan helping to boost their score. The two teams then scored alternately until the end of the game. The score in the second half was 20-16 for Varsity, the final count being 37-23.

The lineups:
Varsity—Coffin (7), centre; Menzies, Fenarty (4), Oswald, guards; Gowan (12), Miller (8), Skeith (4), Cairns (2), forwards.
Normal—Rowswell, centre; Ponich, Hannonchko, David, guards; Richards (4), Letts (15), Howey (4), Montgomery, Dean, forwards.
O'Brien, referee.

Saturday Night's Game
In one of the most exciting basketball struggles witnessed in the gym, Wally Sterling's Varsity Braves managed to eke out their third straight win over the Y Seniors on Saturday night by a score of 37-35.

The basketekers from the Y started out with a bang, and chalked up two baskets and a free throw before Varsity tallied. The red and black sweated team continued to force the pace, and at half-time they were on the long end of a 17-14 score.

A Ding-dong Struggle
During the half-time interval, Wally Sterling evidently told the boys a few things, with the result that upon resumption of hostilities the Green and Gold started to work with a vengeance. Varsity knotted the score, and from that time on the count saw-sawed back and forth in breath-taking fashion, and when the final whistle blew Varsity was found to be a scant two points to the good.

Shandro, Donaldson and Brynildsen shone for Varsity, while Pullishy, Cathers and Richards looked good for the Y.

Varsity Defeats Superiors 3-2
Leafs Take Varsity Into Camp Tuesday 3-1—Good Games Witnessed

The hope of the Varsity hockey fans that the Green and Gold team would keep up the pace they set by beating the Superiors and would turn in another win was not fulfilled when they played the Maple Leafs on Tuesday night, but certainly none can say that they did not put up a good fight.

Leafs Start Well
The Leafs started the game in real earnest, holding Varsity behind their own blue line for the first five minutes by steady back-checking. Also, Kinney temporarily moved up to the forward line.

In the second period both goalies were kept busy with both long and close shots, and both made some nice saves. The Leafs again tightened up on their back-checking during the latter part of the period, always threatening and at the same time keeping

LADIES' BASKETBALL TEAM



RACE CUP HOLDERS
Who will meet the invading Manitoba team on Saturday in an effort to retain the trophy.
They are, left to right: Vera Palmer, Josephine Kopta, Veda McMahon, Gladys Fry, "O'Bea" O'Brien (coach), Doris Calhoun, Ethel Barnett, Winogene Brandow, Margaret Kinney. Kneeling: Barbara Linck.

Varsity Showed Up Well
The first and third periods were altogether dominated by the Varsity boys. Three goals were the gleanings of the twenty minutes' effort in each case. Maynard sank the first just when things were getting under way. Greiner added another later, and just before the bell Batson made it three.

Maynard and Greiner
Again in the last stanza Varsity swept everything before them. Maynard was successful not a minute after the face-off. For ten minutes things were more or less even, and

Girls Beat Profs in Thrilling Game
Youth is Victorious Over Age in Hockey Contest Saturday Score 2-1
At last, boys, it has been proved—beauty is superior to brains! We always thought so, and now we know it. In justice to the representatives of brains, we must say that the Professors gave the girl a real fight for it, but the beautiful co-eds would not be denied, and youth emerged victorious.

What It's All About
We refer, of course, to the struggle between the Ladies' Senior Hockey team and the Professors at the Rink on Saturday, the final score of which was 2-1 in favor of the aforementioned ladies. Bob Prittie handled a delicate situation very tactfully, and gave decisions which were just to all (ask Dr. Rutherford).

Both teams extended themselves—several players making great individual efforts to stretch over as large a surface as possible. During the first period both sides pressed hard—figuratively speaking. Only the girls, however, got what they wanted, when Dot Sproule outwitted Mr. Ottewell after a lone rush. The Professors vowed revenge, and got it in the second period—Dr. Rutherford returning the puck with thanks. Soon afterwards, however, Helen Higgs and Laura Gourlay combined to net another for the girls. Heroic efforts by the gentlemen of learning failed to change this situation, and after another period of battling the Profs. were forced to admit defeat.

The teams were:
Profs.—Goal, Mr. Ottewell; defence, Dr. Clark, Dr. Rutherford; forwards, Dr. Henry, Mr. Bowstead, Mr. Webb, Mr. Taylor, Dr. Lang.
Girls—Goal, Betty Wallace; defence, Ursula McLatchie, Cal Ross; forwards, Kae Craig, Gert Connors, Laura Gourlay, Mary Cogswell, Helen Higgs, Dot Sproule.

off some snappy combination plays, stepping through the whole team, and Groves finished the play by placing the puck behind Stuart.

Kemp Was Good
The third period was one long struggle for the Green and Gold to hold their one goal lead. Play tended to become rough, and even a slight altercation occurred between one of the players and a spectator. However Kemp, who throughout the game put up a fine display of goal-tending, managed to brush aside each onslaught, and the period ended with the league leaders humbled.

The Winning Goal
The winning goal was the neatest counter of the evening. During a veritable shower of pucks that were forced on the Soop goal, Gordie Buchanan and Harry Groves pulled

ANOTHER WIN FOR INTERMED. HOCKEY

Varsity Triumphs Over Hebrews 7-1 in Good Game Monday Night

Varsity Intermediates took the measure of the boys of the Y.M.H.A. Monday night at the Covered Rink when they treated them to a 7-1 defeat in a regular league contest. It was a fast game, and Dave Nicol had his hands full keeping everybody pacified. Maynard and Greiner were distinctly in the limelight for Varsity, each helping himself to three goals at the expense of the Hebrews. Batson added the other one to make it lucky number seven. Martell was the only Hebrew stalwart who was able to break into the scoring at all.

Varsity Showed Up Well
The first and third periods were altogether dominated by the Varsity boys. Three goals were the gleanings of the twenty minutes' effort in each case. Maynard sank the first just when things were getting under way. Greiner added another later, and just before the bell Batson made it three.

Maynard and Greiner
Again in the last stanza Varsity swept everything before them. Maynard was successful not a minute after the face-off. For ten minutes things were more or less even, and

INTERMEDIATES WIN FROM GIRLS
Score 52-21—Boys in Girls' Uniforms of '22 Played Good Game

Last Saturday night in the gym the senior girls' basketball team found the Intermediate boys' team a little too good for them, and dropped a game to them by the score of 52-21. The Intermediates, clothed in the girls' uniforms of '22, seemed to take on some of the fighting spirit which made the former wearers of these uniforms famous, and at no time during the game were they headed.

C'mon Doris!
Despite this, however, the girls put up some stiff opposition, and their total of 21 points was a pretty fair night's work. The girls were spurred on to greater efforts by the howls of encouragement from ardent supporters (mostly in the gallery), and Doris Calhoun was especially well favoured with support. All the girls played well, and showed themselves to be ready for the co-edifying lasses from Manitoba.

The boys, under the eye of their coach and referee, Wally Sterling, proved that his efforts were not all in vain.

Basketball

U. OF MANITOBA Vs. ALBERTA
Saturday, Feb. 16
Admission 50c

THE RING AND THE MAT SEE ACTION

Wrestlers Under Dr. Dodds—Boxers With Dr. Hardy and Mr. Taylor

The first successful meeting of the wrestling section of the Boxing and Wrestling Club was held last Wednesday. Dr. Dodds took the group of green material in hand, and initiated them into the mysteries of the double nelson, bar arm and scissor holds. There is no dearth of beginners, while such old-timers as Dumouchel, Hutton, Fairwell, Lewis and Hill are still on deck. Among the newcomers Ambrose, Gardner and Crockford are showing possibilities, and it is rumored that several crowns will change heads this season through the medium of the head lock and scissors.

The Boxers
The quality of the boxing has been steadily improving under the instruction of Dr. Hardy and Mr. Taylor. The straight left is being concentrated on, but footwork has been started. Any who are contemplating joining the club this year should get into action before things have progressed too far. Regular workouts are being held every Wednesday and Friday afternoons from four till six o'clock, while the apparatus is always available for training at any time during the week.

then Greiner got through for his third point for the evening. Not to be outdone, Maynard added one to his total as the game ended.

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MAY WE SAY

*Girls from Manitoba
Greene and Golde v. Monarchs*

Two sporting events of major importance are billed for next week. First, on Saturday night, we have the first Intercollegiate basketball game of the year: the Manitoba girls' team against the Alberta girls. This game ought to be sufficient attraction in itself, but to boot there is another important hoop game on the same evening's programme. The boys Intermediate team will stage a preliminary game against one of the other Intermediate team. This ought to provide enough entertainment of variety for the most delicious devotee, voracious votary or ravenous rabble. What should make the girls' game interesting is the fact that the ancient Alberta-Manitoba rivalry should flare forth afresh. Last year the Alberta girls went to Winnipeg, and there administered a pretty severe drubbing to the Brown and Gold students, and thereby made sure of the Race Cup. We know this is what will draw the crowd. But Manitoba has not forgotten the sting of this defeat (as evidenced in last week's Manitoban), and the sister students from Manitoba U. have been training faithfully with a new coach in preparation for the coming invasion.

As regards the senior men: After winning three straight games from the "Y," Sterling's Braves took a terrific lambasting from the "Y" last Tuesday night. The coach was not any too well pleased with this result, and consequently has ordered a lay-off.

An article in Tuesday night's daily press stated that the Monarchs had left for the south presumably to compete at Banff for the women's hockey championship. But this does not seem to be the case. Although the Varsity girls have lost three games to the Monarchs, they are not yet out of the running for the championship. There is another game billed for next Monday night at the Rink. If the Greene and Golde win they are still in the championship hunt, while if they lose it won't be so good, and they will have to content themselves with their Eastern invasion. Next week the team leaves for Saskatoon and Winnipeg, there to show their hockey ability. Incidentally it might be stated that the girls are hoping for a good crowd on Monday night, as it costs money to travel.

Knowledge is Power!

While attending the University it is suggested that it would be to the advantage of every student to make a tour of the Westcraft Tailor Shop, there to make a study of the unique and modern methods employed to produce the high-class garments bearing the now well known WESTCRAFT label.

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LaFleche Building. 102nd Street

A RIVAL TO METHUSALEH

By N. M. Hay (The Old Original)

Do you know Roland the Boer? Sometimes he is the wireless operator, often an engineer, occasionally the second mate.

A member of the species is easily recognizable by the frequency with which he lolls into the half-deck to borrow the "makings," and while he rolls the cigarette he entertains us with lurid episode and incident culled from his kaleidoscopic career, concluding always with—"I could fill a book with my experiences, my lads!"

Born and Paved

He is so confidently circumstantial, too. We often wonder where he gathered his semipernally-blooming nosegay of stories. But liars, they say, are born, not made.

Apparently he had commenced life as apprentice to a fit-throwing mendicant, but the version varied with the number of drinks he'd had, and he often mentioned things he'd heard as lather boy to a Cockney barber. One must at least admit he is no snob to so freely discuss his lowly beginning.

"This greyhound racing, now," he will say, "gracing, as they call it, puts me in mind of the porpoise races we used to have in Delagoa Bay . . . and, speaking of races, give me the old days in Sidney Harbour. With yachts, you know, and ballast-hand-capping. Had to carry six men as deadweight—old 'Victoria' creeping up astern—gybed her round the buoy and swept 'em all overboard with the boom. 'Victoria' still gaining—every stitch bent, but no use—all hands stripped off shirts and bent 'em to the stay—beat her by the length of the skipper's nose."

He'd made slow-motion pictures of the Hula-Hula at Waikiki, bartered Tientsin rugs at Wei-Hei-Wei. Plying up and down the Red Sea with an ice-cream boat had been a hobby of his, and he used to say that his spinal curvature was a relic of his days as a money-changer's tout at Port Sudan, when the tehel was nine hun-

dred to the pound.

Southern Beauties

He often starts his adventures among the warm-skinned Southern beauties with—"Olive-growing in the Sierra Nevadas isn't what it was . . ." or "I used to make quite a living with what I picked up on the Lido . . ." but I think the favourite is "When I was peddling banjo-strings in Genoa . . ." Life, he tells us, has not been all gin-slugs and prairie oysters, and privations endured while subsisting on the smell of an oil-rag as a hobo on the U.P. trail removed the majority of the fat from his liver. He always affirms that he can never stand taking water with his whiskey since the ducking he got when the Russians grabbed him with a cargo of contraband off Shimudzu in that little affair of theirs with the Japs. And he owes his little trick of hogging the front of the bogey to being marooned a thousand miles up the Amazon with a shipload of fever and green coffee.

A High Position

Proudly he tells us that he made his mark in politics as Secretary of the Punkah Wallah's Union in Calcutta, the deeper, no doubt, for his experience as Chief Leech to the Blood Donors' Assoc. Inc. (or was it Corp.?) of N.Y., N.Y. Not a clasp in Kimberley that does not bear his footprints, nor a gold rush in history that he hasn't led. When we envy him the wealth he must have accumulated, he shakes a mournful head: "Rolling stone, old fellow, rolling stone."

Whatever place you mention, that is his home town. He built a cinema there, or ran for an election, or was tarred and feathered and run out. But he never tells us that. And as for his life story, he is forever on the eve of writing. I wish to goodness he would get it actually published. I, privately, calculate his age at 155, but it will be so much more obvious—and convincing—when it is set down, phase by phase, in print.

Princeton, N.J. (I.P.).—"Varsity," the moving picture made last summer on the Princeton campus in an effort to depict accurately the undergraduate life at this university, is to be withdrawn from the screen by its producers, The Paramount Famous-Lasky Company, at the request of President John Grier Hibben.

Both Princeton alumni and students opposed the showing of the film after it was completed, although the entire university co-operated in its production.

"Try Harvard" was the suggestion made by the humorist columnist in the Princetonian Daily.

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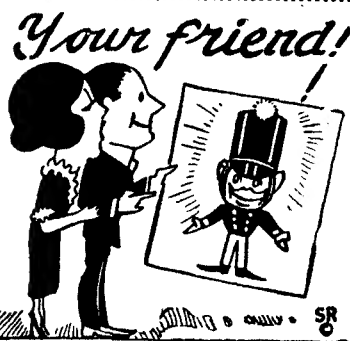
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(Adv.)

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Are you one of the unfortunate 4 out of 5 who does not belong to the book-of-the-month club? Have you been denied the intellectual uplift which is to be had only through Dr. Eli Att's five-foot bookshelf? If so, how can you ever hope to appreciate soap that floats, cigarettes that satisfy, or even zippers that zip?

You may be sure, friend, there is a reason for that sinking feeling; harassed nerves are bound to take their toll—you have not learned to make proper whoopee. Remedy this at once, send for our little booklet, "One Thousand and One Nights, or Here's How Whoopee." With this little book, you need no longer fear that embarrassing situation; it will teach you how to be nonchalant by merely lighting a match instead of a Murad, which is more expensive. It will correct your five worst mistakes in English and make you the wife of any party you please. We guarantee that you will be able to "fawdown—go boom" with the best of them after reading this amazing revelation of facts which have never before been published. This little gem will lie quite flat on any table or book-case, and takes up no more room than any other little book of its size. Progressive, alert mothers will realize the benefits which their children may derive from it.

We send it to you with no obligation on your part (except for a merely nominal fee of \$2.98, which you will kindly pay postman when delivered). If after three years trial, you are not dead from Whoopee and decide not to keep the course, it will cost you nothing to place it in the fire or to give it to the janitor's little girl to make whoopee paper dolls.

Here is a letter from Esau L. Wett, a delighted user in far-off SingSing. Writing from the Whoopee-esque land of the Sherry Blossoms, Esau says:

"Before reading your book I was retiring and bashful and in despair, now I am retired and in Sing Sing. Worrying over my inability to make Whoopee, I had become a nervous wreck. My tooth-brush showed that fateful pink, and I brush to admit it—my shoe-brush showed black only too often. And then—Whoopee! I became a social success overnight. Only the other day my pals all congratulated me when I picked off 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh' on the wires which surround my room here at Mr. SingSing's sanitarium. 1001 thanks to your course."

This man, mind you, who is now making a smashing success of every venture had tried a gin and a gin before he chanced upon "Here's How Whoopee," and became on a par socially with any of his fellow-workers. Let us do the same for you. Here is the greatest offer of the year. "Whoopee Here's How" and offer \$2.98.

—G. LUKE.

The PIG'S EYE



We were slightly amused and perhaps a little saddened to read a long and bitter arraignment of fraternities and sororities in two of what may be termed Edmonton's leading dailies. They were not reflections of the editorial staffs of those papers, we are happy to say. But since they received much prominence, they undoubtedly attracted attention.

We were amused because they were so fearfully one-sided; we were saddened because they showed a spirit which is, or should be, alien to university people, intolerance. Just why a boarding club which uses as its name a few Greek letters and perhaps indulges now and then in a few harmless if slightly asinine rites of initiation should be an ogre to frighten good little boys and girls we cannot say. Its members, we take it, would be average university students. It is verging on the miraculous to us that these same students once having taken an oath of fellowship immediately become snobs of the first water if not sadistic perverts at heart. Yet we are left to infer all this.

The same article declared that fraternity life is extremely costly, that it causes cliques and that in general fraternities are bad for the social life of the university. The life of a fraternity is exactly what its members make it. There are fraternities for every pocketbook, if one must use the pocketbook as a gauge. Happily this is not so. Nor are the members of a fraternity obliged to live at the fraternity house. Few American fraternities house a half of their membership, some not a third. Obviously then the expenses incurred depend largely upon the member's judgment.

Cliques

Cliquery is not common to universities which have fraternities, alone. Where there are over half a dozen people together there will be cliques. The student who believes this university to be free from cliques is living in a fool's paradise. If a fraternity can take men from several different factions and help them to live in harmony, it will have accomplished more than has been done here for some time. We are not defend-

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF A GATEWAY EDITORIAL

By Charles W. Lawrence, Editor, Intercollegiate Press)

An extremely interesting editorial from the Alberta University Gateway comes to our attention. First of all, we cannot pass without commenting on the editor's classification of citizens of the United States as "Usonian". It may be that we are sadly behind the times, but we must confess that this is the first time we ever have seen or heard the term, and we have considerable admiration for whoever it was that coined it.

If it did not originate in the mind of the editor of The Gateway, it certainly must have been of Canadian origin, and if so, it is an exceptionally apt coinage. We often have wondered why we should class ourselves down here as "Americans", and mean those of us who live in these United States, while there are many other American nations on the continent as there are countries in Europe. It's like calling an Englishman a European and thinking it an inclusive cognomen.

Your writer is in favor of the adoption of the term, with the change in spelling to make it read Uesanian—in other words, spell it as it should be pronounced. We are now without an apt name. If you call us Americans, we may come from Toronto or Rio de Janeiro. Call us Yankees, and we should properly come from Connecticut. The Mexicans have a name for us we do not like. There are no others, and we are a nameless people. Why not be Uesanians? Find a better name.

But the substance of the editorial in question consists in a rap at the Uesanian attitude toward British regard for the King of England. We are taken to task for our supposed pity for the "poor, enslaved, benighted subjects, who still manifest a moving but ridiculous and incomprehensible affection for the despot at Westminster."

We believe The Gateway is mistaken. True, we Uesanians have a way of bragging about the fact that we have no one ruling us but those whom we put in power, but it is also not to be overlooked that we like to boast as well that our President is the most powerful ruler in the universe—a fact which probably is more true than otherwise. And it is certain that the American people have an affection for their President which is fully as sincere and from the heart as that for which they are accused of poking fun at the Englishman for having.

Let the President of the United States die, and the nation will immediately go into sincere mourning—political differences will go by the board. And there will be honest tears in many an Uesanian eye.

Moreover, we do not disrespect kings as such. Let the King of England journey to this nation, and in every hamlet and city through which he may pass, scarcely a man, woman or child on the street but will thrill at the sight of a ruling sovereign, and the reception will be as great, if not greater, than the monarch would receive in his own country.

Nor can we agree with The Gateway that the reports about the British grief over the later serious condition of George V were very much exaggerated. Too many of us have good old English grandmothers whom we saw shed hot tears when the news of King Edward's death was flashed to this side of the world, to believe that the Englishman is callous to his sovereign's condition.

All in all, we Uesanians are not so far removed from monarchy that we cannot appreciate and sympathize with the Englishman's feeling for his King. We're still brothers under the skin.

WHICH ARE YOU AND IF NOT, WHO?

(By Walter Herbert, B.A., LL.B., one time Editor of The Gateway, now with the Canadian Wheat Pool at Winnipeg.)

This world would be very much better,

If people behaved as they should, If only the good were the clever, And the clever were also the good.

But alas! it is seldom, if ever, That people behave as they should, For the good are too harsh to the clever, And the clever too rude to the good.

Wanderlied

I have worshipped idols, I have gone astray— Never god nor goddess But had feet of clay, I have erred a thousand times And I will always.

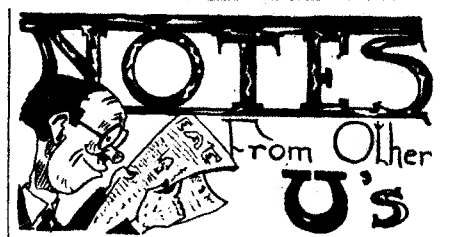
I have prayed to Beauty— Flesh or carved stone, Never have I heeded Prophet's words nor tone, I have worshipped as I chose Always, and alone. O. R. W.

ing cliques; we are not condemning them. The right of any man to choose his companions is, we believe, above the aegis of any university board or body of students. The forbidding of fraternity life denies that right.

The social life of the university is a matter of individual taste. The student who blandly strolls into a university function expecting to find open arms everywhere is in for a big surprise. Society works that way. The herding together of several hundred students only adds to the bewilderment of the individual. His chance of desirable contacts are lessened, rather than increased. We need hardly point out the inefficacy of the "blind date."

To Know a Few Fraternity life, on the other hand, gives the individual some opportunity of meeting and knowing a smaller group intimately, rather than a mass vaguely. The benefits of such a life have, no doubt, been overdrawn. But the fact remains that friendships have been so made which were of inestimable value to all concerned. Preferable, we think, to laying the basis of chronic indigestion. The right to such friendships and associations denied, the individual is robbed of something to which he is fully entitled and to which, had he sought an education elsewhere, he would have had some opportunity at least. It is rather a serious charge that Albertans who chose their own state university in preference to larger universities are denied rights common to all but a handful of the smaller colleges. It is not stressing the argument to point out that more than one American university has advanced money to its fraternities to assist them in establishing themselves on a sound basis.

Later Temptations But since our student body must be protected at all costs from the dens of plutocracy, it might be well to remind them that once they leave the shelter of these hoary towers they will be exposed to some thousands of orders and societies, all eager to fill their innocent heads with exclusiveness and what not. Masons, Oddfellows, Knights of Columbus and many others who have somehow survived the odium of an enraged populace. Indeed many of our most prominent men boast quite shamelessly of belonging to these orders. If our graduates can become Mystic Mutts or Knight and Ladies of the Right, surely it is not unreasonable that the undergrads should be allowed to become Sigma Alphas or Theta Chis. —H. D. S.

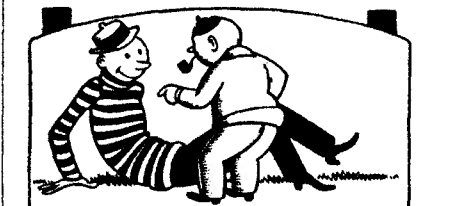


"The great difference between Canadian and English students is that the former are of a conservative nature while the latter tends towards Socialism and Radicalism." So said Bernard M. Alexander, B.A. (McGill), now studying in the Faculty of Law. Mr. Alexander has just returned after a three months debating tour in the British Isles, sponsored by the National Federation of Canadian Universities. This is the first time that a Canadian university debating team conducted an organized tour of the universities in the Old Country. —McGill Daily.

Atlanta, Georgia (I.P.). — That good-looking clothes do create an impression was recently demonstrated in one of Georgia Tech's classrooms when the professor asserted that he always gave better marks to those dressed in white shirts and good-looking ties.

The same instructor recently sent a student to his room to change his sweater for a coat. The student returned dressed in a full tuxedo attire.

The Student Council of the University of Washington has called for a written criticism of the university curriculum from all students, in an effort to aid in the revision of the university courses. —(Seattle, Wash.)



Demon— "Do you really think that a good pencil helps you to do better work?" Pythias— "I know it does! Why, I'm even able to read my own handwriting, now that I've started using a Dixon's Eldorado!"

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LAST CALL FOR YEAR BOOK PHOTOS

**Saturday is Positively Last Day to
Get Pictures Taken—Year Book
Making Good Progress**

The Year Book is coming out on time this year! This is the one great resolve of the year book staff, and it looks as though it is going to be one of the few surviving New Year's resolutions. Subscribers, write-ups, epigrams, pictures, and what-have-you have been pouring into the Year Book office, and work on arrangement and publication is under way. Since Sophs and Frosh have been allowed until the fifteenth of this month to send in their pictures, quite a few have not yet turned them in, but warning is hereby given that Saturday is positively the last day to have pictures taken if there are not to be tragic blanks in the class pictures. So if any readers of this have not visited a studio for the purpose of having a picture taken, it would be a good idea to at least give very serious thought to the idea, as there is likely to be a last minute rush.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

The Varsity male in his high conceit Places woman beneath his feet, A witless creature whose only aim (He raises his eyebrows in high disdain) To attract the eye of the lordly man, To turn his mind, if so she can, To channels low as her own low brain. So the mental clique are raising Cain, And the lassies are warned by E.M.J. Their obsession in sex will lead them astray.

The co-eds residing in Pembina Hall, Languidly leaning against the wall, Or carelessly flung on a comfy bed, Discuss what the oracle lately said, Casey comes in for his share of chaff. He gives the ladies a hearty laugh. "Man forget sex—oh me, oh my— A comely leg deserves an eye And gets it too, if The Gateway speaks Only the truth of our Varsity sheiks." —THE MASTER HAND.

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HIGH SHOTS and BACKFIRES

(Notes from an Engineer's Diary)

Special to Fagnip, Inc., by our own private wire from Leduc:

Hold everything stop fairly tale stop hear all engineers passed exams stop congrats stop wish it were true stop you love me and I love you.

Ned Ambrose,
Special Correspondent.

We're still trying to revise the Engineers' yell—not without some difficulty, for a vulgar Arts man keeps making fun of us. However, our latest attempt may rouse favourable comment:

We are, we are, we are the Engineers;
We move, we move, we move co-eds to tears.
'Cause why? 'Cause why? 'Cause we refuse to neck;
It gives us pain to have some jane Make of our clothes a wreck.

Hawt Dawg! Half the firm of Fagnip, Inc., has, in a fit of melancholia, rolled this off his chest:

We're sad and lonely, and alas, a wee bit sore;
For we tried hard and failed; can any man do more?

Discouraged now, we make this mournful plea:

That profs be fair; that they set tests

Which they themselves could pass, when they

In pantaloons, with shiny freckled face,

Were, yes they were, dumb students—

Even as you and I.

The meeting of the Engineering Students' Society, postponed from last week, will be held tomorrow. Let's make whoopee.

At the Tuck:
Acheson (rushing in): "Toast 'em, Harold!"
Harold (drawingly): "Aw, toast what?"

If Fagnip has but a short write-up this week it is the result of a mental indisposition following on the heels of a most distressing attempt to persuade the worthy profs. of our evident ability.

Quartermaster—Sergeant Colonel Major R. C. "Hambone" of the blonde underbrush is said to be authority for the following gem:
I love a lassie, she's boney but she's classy,
She's as thin as the paper on the wall,
She's got corns and bunions,
And she sniffs of Spanish onions,
Sally, my alley bluebell!

—FAGNIP.

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The Virtue of Silence

Life in general is a pretty serious thing, but it has its funny sides and also its farcical sides. Among these farces is one, very familiar to us, though it emanates from the confines of our southern neighbors. That is, that at the advent of a new celebrity (through fame or notoriety) usually among screen stars, interviewers proceed to extract from that favored personage his or her opinion on high finance, political economy, moral philosophy—in short, on any question upon which they are anything but fit to talk—and the newspaper, with due gravity, presents to a gaping public the latest inside information—obtained direct from the celebrity!

This in itself, however, is of little moment. Such opinions carry weight only with their admirers. It takes on a more serious aspect when "college professors"—professors of Physics, of Chemistry, of Mathematics and so on—give similar interviews on topics of which they are equally ill-informed.

Amongst the common delusions is one that a college professor knows everything. This belief, although untrue, is so widespread that even some college professors believe it. On this assumption we have the spectacle of a chemistry professor who knows nothing of any faith, but believing in one of them, airing his views on the philosophy of religion. We have a professor of divinity whose only science is that of so altering a sermon that it can be delivered on the following week without being found out, laying down dogmatically that science is inefficient and that evolution is a fable.

This, of course, does not mean that a professor of Physics has no right to investigate the subject of religion, but if he is going to offer public opinion upon it should see to it that he has an adequate knowledge of the subject. Otherwise silence is golden.—McGill Daily.

MENTAL HYGIENE AT SASKATCHEWAN

Dr. Laycock, Formerly of This University, on Canadian National Committee

(Western Intercollegiate Press)

Mental Hygiene Division of the Department of Public Health, operating with the co-operation of Dr. Samuel R. Laycock, of the University of Saskatchewan, will be established in this city, according to an announcement of the Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

"Saskatchewan is to be congratulated upon making arrangements for the organization of the first Division of Mental Hygiene in connection with a provincial department of health," writes Dr. C. M. Hinks, medical director of the National Committee. "At the outset, a psychiatrist and social worker will be engaged in the conduct of a Mental Hygiene Clinic and in making arrangements for the supervision in the community of patients who have been treated in mental hospitals. The University of Saskatchewan will co-operate in connection with research; and in this regard, Professor S. R. Laycock will conduct studies of psychopathic children.

"This progressive step is due in no small measure to the vision of the honorable Dr. Ulrich, Minister of Health, and to President W. C. Murray, of the University of Saskatchewan."

The establishment of this clinic has been made possible, it is understood, by a grant of \$150,000 from the Laura Spaulding Rockefeller Foundation for mental hygiene and social service research at various Canadian universities. The grant was made conditional upon a minimum of \$250,000 being secured from other sources. In Saskatchewan the provincial government has undertaken a share of this.

In addition to acting as consulting psychologist for the Mental Hygiene Clinic, Dr. Laycock will conduct research work into personality and behavior maladjustments of school children. The Saskatoon public school board has shown a willingness to co-operate in this connection, and Dr. Laycock has been appointed consulting psychologist for city schools.

While Professor Laycock will not be able to immediately engage in this working owing to his duties as professor and supervisor in the College of Education, he is already making preparations and believes that active work will be commenced this fall.

PHILOSOPHIE

Celui qui peut citer à propos quelque parole d'un auteur célèbre attire toujours sur lui l'estime et l'admiration des autres. On respecte celui qui a beaucoup lu. Et souvent s'il a lu des auteurs célèbres: que de fois cependant la parole qu'on cite est tirée d'un recueil de morceaux choisis, ou d'un de ces catalogues des pensées célèbres.

La réputation de celui qui a dit un bon mot nous fait souvent répéter ce mot sans l'avoir pesé. Ce qui brille a bien des chances de passer pour de l'or. C'est ce qui fiat qu'au XVIIe et au XVIIIe siècle, en France, l'on cultivait chez les jeunes gens l'art de dire de bons mots, l'art de parler en société: d'où les "précieuses ridicules" et les "honnêtes hommes", au sens où on l'entendait alors.

Est-ce à dire qu'on doive proscrire complètement l'emploi des paroles des autres? Loin de là. Il y a certaines phrases qui expriment si bien la vérité qu'on ne saurait y changer un seul mot. Si nous parvenons à trouver une formule plus heureuse, libre à nous de l'employer; mais si les termes qu'a employés un autre s'adaptent d'une manière exacte à une réalité qu'il s'agit de faire connaître, il n'y a aucune raison de ne pas se servir de la citation.

Les mots célèbres sont des quintessences; ils renferment les caractères essentiels et fondamentaux d'une vérité que nous rencontrons et nous nous avouons vaguement tous les jours. Une citation est comme une peinture: l'auteur a su mettre dans son oeuvre ce qu'il a découvert de caractéristique et de frappant dans son modèle. L'homme ordinaire voit le modèle et ne discerne pas nettement ce qui en fait la beauté; il ne le voit que dans l'oeuvre de l'artiste.

Il suit de tout cela que l'emploi trop fréquent des expressions d'autrui est la marque d'un esprit superficiel. Car les pensées des hommes illustres ne sont pas toutes des joyaux: souvent nous pouvons changer l'expression et rendre mieux l'idée. D'autre part, un chef-d'oeuvre ne veut pas de mutilation. Il vaut mieux n'avoir pas de collection à exhiber que d'en avoir une faite de pierreries vraies et fausses, dont nous ne pouvons distinguer les secondes des premières.

DIOSGENE.

CONFESSIONS OF MATH MEN HEARD

Math Club Holds Largest and Most Interesting Meeting In Its History

The largest and perhaps one of the most interesting meetings of the Math Club was held on Wednesday afternoon in A-239. After tea, confessions were heard. Assuming that the favorable view of Mathematics courses would receive due comment, G. Field told why some Math courses did not appeal to him. He mentioned the duplication of subject matter which is found in required Math courses for engineers. He also referred to the relative merits of theoretical and practical work of "mental stimulus" motives of zero and infinity. Louise Miller cited an incident of her high school days that led her to become enthusiastic about Math. Ted Manning, in a few well-chosen words, described the feeling of satisfaction and perfection that follows the solving of a mathematical problem. In conclusion, he presented a problem, "How may a triangle be bisected by a line drawn from a point without?" Johnny Rule related a pleasant experience he had with some friends trying to solve a problem in an overtown cafe. The solution was barely suggested when the supply of paper, napkins and morning oil ran low. As a lover of math, T. V. Newlove encountered no difficulty in expressing why mathematics is not liked by every one. He expounded several reasons such as unsuitable problems, the tradition of difficulty, the indefiniteness of the aim, the type of text-books used.

Dr. Sheldon invited anyone present to make similar confessions. Messrs. Hango, Sproule, P. Field and Olson responded, adding complex problems for the attentive gathering to solve. The audience was very appreciative, and gave the speakers a good hand at the close of the meeting.

The Hymn of Colin
King, who strewed the stars upon the heavens
And raised the mountain wall
Around to guard my kindred from the foes,
I greet You.
Which You have scattered;
Mountains waste away
Into the streams, and night close over day,
Still Thou art King. —O. R. W.

SONG
Once again the spring
Eyes of blue:
Once again by me, but where
Are you?
Once again the birds
Come and sing:
Yet how can I be glad
With spring?
Once again the spring,
Birds and flowers too:
Once again by me, but where
Are you? —O. R. W.

SURVEY EMPLOYMENT

About one hundred students are employed each year on Geological Survey field parties engaged in geological and topographical mapping. Opportunity is thus afforded for remunerative work during the summer holidays that is of a practical nature and is closely related to courses in geology, civil engineering and mining engineering. With parties engaged in topographical mapping experience is acquired in methods of surveying and in the use of instruments, and with parties engaged in geological mapping, experience is acquired in methods of surveying and in the study of geological phenomena.

Application must be made on forms that may be obtained from the Director, Geological Survey, Ottawa, or from the Professors of the Departments of Geology, Mining Engineering and Civil Engineering.

Students who have been previously employed and seek re-employment must also use the regular forms, and applications should reach Ottawa not later than March 15.

FRESHMEN SKATING PARTY

Watch bulletin boards.
Tickets on sale Saturday.

Lost

Will the persons who borrowed the 1926-27 and 1927-28 files of The Gateway return them at once—please! We need them more than you do.

MED-DENTS DEFEAT ENGINEERS 3-2

**Saturday's Games: Arts-Pharm
2-1—A-Com-Law vs.
Engineers 1-1**

The Med-Dents took the number of the Engineers in a rip-roaring inter-fac fixture on Tuesday to the tune of 3-2. It was a hard tussle all the way, and the issue was in doubt up to the final gong. As a matter of fact, the teams were deadlocked at 2-2 for the greater part of two periods. It was only in the closing moments of the game that Hodgson broke through and tallied the prettiest individual goal of the day to finish the argument in favour of the Med-Dents.

A breakneck pace was set in the first session, and as a result both teams wilted perceptibly in the second. They took up the battle with renewed ardour in the third, however, each side pressing hard to ring up the winning counter.

Dawson Scores Two for Engineers
For the winners, King and Driscoll did outstanding work. Dave Nicol was also in evidence as usual. The Engineers' shining light was Dawson, who scored both his team's goals. The forward line was well looked after by Kinnear and Jenni-john.

Arts-Pharm at Head of League

The Engineers have figured in two other inter-fac games during the past few days. On Friday afternoon they were vanquished by the Arts-Pharm aggregation 2-1 in a ding-dong battle. On Saturday they met the Ag-Com-Law team, but came to no agreement—the game ending with one tally to the credit of each side. The Engineers held the scoring at 1-0 for almost the entire game, only to have Jack even matters for the Ag-Com-Law boys with a neat goal an instant before the ring of the final bell. Up to date the Arts-Pharm sextette stand at the head of the league, with the Arts-Com-Law gang running them a close second.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from Page 2)

more, the boys didn't seem to miss their usual companions. They were all laughing and joking and smoking, and the place was full of smoke and noise. They all seemed to be just as happy as if each one had a girl with him.

What does this mean? Simply that we are growing too confident, and that we forget that we must be awfully nice to boys if we are to be able to depend on them to take us out. If we don't, we shall have to resign ourselves to buying our own refreshment and sitting with each other. We can't do that. It's all right for some girls to talk about independence, but to do that is hardly fair. The boys seem to be beginning to realize that they can get along very nicely without us. Before it is too late, we must just act as charmingly as we can, or we shall be lost until next year's Freshmen come in.

Yours,
LENORE.

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VARSLITY LADIES LOSE TOUGH GAME

**Monarchs Win a Second Time
3-0—Fate Was Against
Varsity**

The hoodoo under which the men's senior team labored for so long was transferred with startling suddenness to the ladies when they met the Monarchs in their second game on Monday night. The Monarchs for the second time came away victors, this time by a score of 3-0—but every one of the three goals might very easily not have been one. Had old man Jinx not been at the Rink in person, the result might have been vastly different.

For the first period the game was good. Neither team was able to score, though both made gallant tries. It was when the second period rolled around that disastrous things began to happen. Within one minute of the face-off Madeleine Case fooled Betty Wallace on a cross-shot to put the Monarchs one up. A bare four minutes later Helen Higgs suffered a distressing accident which necessitated withdrawal from the game—a bad cut by the puck over the left eye. And as if this were not enough, old man fate insisted that Ursula McLachie should tip the disc into her own team's cage when intercepting a Monarch pass. In spite of it all, however, the Varsity girls kept fighting hard through the rest of that period and right down to the final gong—only to find Fate cheating them again by giving Margaret Pruden another goal during the very instant that the gong was ringing.

THE TWENTY CLUB

Members of the Reading Circle met on Wednesday afternoon and enjoyed another pleasurable and profitable hour. Two play selections were read by members of the club, who will broadcast them this evening from CKUA.

A recital of poetic and dramatic reading is planned by Mr. Adam, in which the members of the club will participate. Full announcement will be made later regarding this treat.

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